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THE

Reasonable Animals;

A

K

SATYRICAL SKETCH.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-street.

MDCCLXXX.

125

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AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE



THE NEW YORK

THE

MAY - MARK E. T.

LONDON:

Printed for G. Kearsley, No. 40, Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXI

CHARACTERS.

ULYSSES.

A WOLF.

A HOG.

A BULL.

A HEN.

CIRCE.

CHORUS OF ANIMALS.



CHORUS OF ANIMALS.

(9)
T H E

Reasonable Animals, &c.

An Island—Ulysses, alone.

A T R.

I'M bully Ulysses, come hither from Troy;
For arms and for eloquence fam'd from a boy;
Be they women or men, I know how to come o'er 'em;
Am skilful alike in the field or the Forum:
Sometimes like a merchant, sometimes a philosopher,
Old Ocean's broad face bold as brass did I cross
over;
And yet on this island what fortune is mine,
To see my companions turn'd asses and swine!
What indignity!---how do I this dilemma curse,
For Penelope's husband and the sire of Telemachus.

Would

*Would you further instructed be what and who I am,
I married to Pyleus the Daughter of Priam;
By a scheme of my own, 'midst a whole heap of
fillies,*

*This wise little head of mine found out Achilles :
'Twas my wooden horse made the Trojans all skip so,
And 'twas I was lock'd up in the Isle of Calypso.*

Heartily tired of each other's society, Circe and I have agreed to separate. She no longer finds me the sturdy Ulysses, flushed with conquest from the Trojan war; and for me, I could sooner change conditions with the filthiest of those animals, which were once my companions, than undergo the drudgery of administering longer to her capricious temper. Ah, my poor countrymen, how dismal they look! I wish I could prevail upon that vixen of an enchantress to restore them to their former figure. Zounds! here she is. I had best speak civil to her, for fear of having my nose clawed again. Servant, ma'am: Circe, I wish you would grant me a favour.

Cir. Any thing, Ulysses, that won't defer your departure.

Ul. Don't fear that: I'd rather set sail in a cockle-shell.

Cir. Well, what is it?

Ul. I would request of you to disenchant
some

some of my companions, and suffer them to accompany me to Greece.

Cir. Search around, and take your whole retinue, if you can prevail on them to forego their present form.

Ul. No great difficulty in that, I fancy.

Cir. More than you are aware of---question them.

Ul. How the devil shall I do that, when I can neither bleat, nor roar, nor bark, nor bray?

Cir. With that wand you will give them speech, and deprive them of their ferocity.

Ul. But will that wand give them reason?

Cir. Oh no, that might mislead them: instinct will direct them better. Adieu, wise Ulysses! You look mighty sagacious, and yet I'm terribly afraid you'll go home by yourself.

A I R.

*Go, go, and your mates from their errors unchain,
Begin, mighty reasoner! this labour in vain;
Perswade, and intreat, and prevail if you can,
Tho' I fancy you'll finish just where you began.*

*Your eloquence never was yet known to fail,
But in this case fine speeches will nothing avail;
To instinct compar'd, reason's language how mince is!
For reason but argues, while instinct convinces.*

B

SCENE

SCENE II. *Ulysses, a Wolf.*

If I might credit Circe, this would be proper labour for Hercules. Here comes a gentleman open-mouth'd, that I should be afraid of meeting if I had not this wand in my hand.

RECITATIVE.

*What beast art thou, my good friend, hard
phiz?*

Wolf. *I am a wolf, sir, at your service.*

Ul. *Alas, poor devil!*

Wolf. *Pray, friend, how art?
Sure I'm a poorer devil than thou art.*

Ul. *I am a man---*

Wolf. *Which thou art vain of.*

Ul. *Why, is't a matter to complain of?*

Wolf. *This same conceit is out of season;
Think'st thou, vile biped, with thy reason,
Or folly rather, thou ought'st not droop head,
Truckle and bow to me, a quadruped?*

Ul. *Why are not men to beasts unsavoury,
Like thee superior?*

Wolf. *Cease this bravery:
They do top us,---but 'tis in knavery.*

Ul.

Ul. *But this is matter of suggestion:
What man wert thou, answer that question?*

Wolf. *Why, sir, I was a man-destroyer.*

Ul. *Oh, what a general?*

Wolf. *No, a lawyer.*

I kept a coach, liv'd in a palace.

Ul. *What couldst thou fear then, wolf?*

Wolf. *The gallows.*

Lawyer or wolf, I do not alter,

But here hangs no impending halter;

For members of the wolf community

Ransack the fold, sir, with impunity.

Ul. *Suppose with power for the nonce I wish you
To become man?*

Wolf. *I'll join not issue.*

To conscience or remorse a stranger,

Here will I pillage out of danger.

A I R.

Tho' no one ever saw

Any limb of the law

Manage quibble or flaw,

Loop-hole or sham plea,

Sink a counsellor's fee,

False witness procure ye,

Take a bribe, pack a jury,

Like me;

*Yet as there's no sport
In moving the court,
In taxing one's bills,
Detecting forged wills,
And like risks, which to serve my employer
I often have run:*

*Of such fun
I'll have none,
But prefer,
My good sir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.*

H.

*Tho' none for John Doe,
Tom-a-Stiles, Richard Roe,
Such good cause could shew,
Or procure a decree,
Or stretch one sheet to three,
Without sense or philology,
By glorious tautology,
Like me.*

Yet as there's, &c.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Ulysses, a Hen.*

So much for the reasoning of a wolf. Here comes a pretty hen----coup, coup; biddy, biddy, biddy---She's frighten'd at the sight of a man. (*Touchees her with his wand*)

Hen. *A man! an object how uncommon!*

Ul. *Speak, pretty hen, wilt be a woman?*

Hen. *No, no; that state and I are sore foes;*

I'll stay in this my metamorphose.

T'other and I for ever jar shall.

Ul. *Why to a groveling lot so partial?*

Hen. *When to quit woman's form it forc'd me;*

From an old husband it divorc'd me.

Ul. *You had regretted more a young one;*

The objection I confess a strong one.

But that want I can soon supply---

Hen. *With some young mincing amorous fly,*

With gristly limbs, and smirking antic leer;

No, no, give me my charming chanticleer.

Ul. *How strange this preference?*

Hen. *What d' ye startle at?*

Ul. *Your taste so singular, dame parlet.*

Hen. *How blind are men!--but look at home,*

And see the cause why your wives roam;

Is't

Is't not that you at shrine of beauty
 Offer no true religious duty?
 That dogs and misses, play and horses,
 Engendering embryo divorces,
 Provoke your wives whilst you neglect them;
 To choose out others to protect them?
 Not so my mate; when in our shed,
 He calls the sun from Thetis' bed;
 Tho' twenty of us round him bawl,
 He finds employment for us all;
 Then struts about, and claps his wings;
 And ogles me and then he sings.

A I R.

No, no, my chanticleer shall still
 Surpass the featest man;
 For a game-cock crows when he will,
 A husband when he can.

When to the barn we take our way,
 Or pecking on the dunghill stray;
 Every single grain of corn
 In his dear bill for me is borne.

No, no, &c.

His

*His lovely beak's pellucid pearl,
 His tail has a majestic curl;
 His comb's like coral to behold,
 His feathers shine like burnish'd gold.
 No, no, &c.*

SCENE IV. *Ulysses, a Hog.*

Ul. Mrs. Partlet seems to be as tenacious of her conjugal rights, as a rich widow become the wife of a fortune-hunter. Here comes a hog; I fear I shall get but little reason from him.

RECITATIVE.

Hog. *This asthma gives me such a dizziness!*

Ul. *Hear me, friend hog.*

Hog. *What is thy business?*

Ul. *I'd know, ere on all-fours you crawled here,
 man,*

Thy human form?

Hog. *A Grecian Alderman.*

Ul. *Heavens, what a change! it moves my pity!*

Hog. *What change? I seem still in the city.*

Ul.

Ul. *Why you've your paunch, if I peruse you well.*

Hog. *Why yes, I eat and drink as usual.*

Ul. *Yet still live in my court?*

Hog. *Not I.*

I'd rather wallow in thy sty.

Ul. *Hear reason.*

Hog. *I've no inclination;*

I'll die in this my first vocation.

Ul. *If in thy soul thou'st ought ambitious,*

I'll tempt thee with all things delicious:

All dainties that the seasons steal---

Hog. *I'd rather eat my barley-meal.*

Appetite's all---in man's array,

I made but three poor meals a-day;

But since of hogs I've join'd the throng,

I eat and guzzle all day long.

RECITATIVE

A I R.

For dainties I've had of them all,

At taverns, Lord Mayor's and Guildhall,

Where the purveyors, nothing stingy

To cram the wallet,

And pamper the palate,

Had rarities brought from India.

Then

*I here have no books to arrange,
 Nor at two need I e'er go to 'Change,
 Have no business with bond, note or tally;
 Nor need I from any ill-luck,
 Neither bull, nor yet bear, nor lame duck,
 Ever fear waddling out of the alley.*

*Then what signifies what one takes in?
 For when one's crammed up to the chin,
 Yet truly, good sir, to my thinking,
 If on venison and wines,
 Or on hog-wash one dines,
 At last 'tis but eating and drinking.*

SCENE V. *Ulysses, a Linnet.*

Ul. I begin to fear Circe was in the right---
 faith I don't know which to admire most, the
 grossness of the four-legged gentry, or the pert-
 ness of the feathered tribe.

SCENE VI. *Ulysses, a Bull.*

RECITATIVE.

U *What's this, a bull? By the ghost of Priam,
 This is too much---Knowest thou who I am?*

C

Bull.

Bull. *Arrab not I.*

Ul. *What a disaster !*

*I am thy King, my friend, and master ;
Who will relieve thee from thy distresses,*

Bull. *Honey, my masters are all mistresses ;
And all my kings are queens, d' ye see ?*

Ul. *Bull, wilt thou go along with me,
And become man ?*

Bull. *Fait I will nat.*

Ul. *I must perswade thee, and that's flat.
Thy life shall be a life Saturnian.
What Greek art thou ?*

Bull. *Me ?---a Hibernian.*

Ul. *Well, since man's form thou once didst wear,
Thy country's neither here nor there.
What's thy employment ?*

Bull. *Fait my trade is,
Just what it was, to court the ladies.*

A I R.

Bull. *Is't my story you'd know ? I was Patrick
Mulroony,
A jontleman, and Ireland my nation ;
To be sure I was not a tight fellow too, honey,
Before my transmogrification.*

I did

*I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
 To conquer the fair, the dear jewels !
 And with husbands, because why I won their
 wives hearts,
 I did not fight plenty of duels.*

*Then arrab bodder how you can,
 You'll ne'er perswade me, honey ;
 For I shall always, bull or man,
 Be Patrick Mulroony.*

II.

*At Almack's, at White's, and at Brooke's and
 Boodle's,*

*When I've sat up all night in the morning,
 'Mongst black legs, and pigeons, and coggers and
 noodles,*

*The calling to use I was born in ;
 To be sure many gold guineas it yields,
 But since 'tis a service of danger,
 I'm a better man now, I'm a bull in the fields,
 To popping or tilting a stranger.*

Then arrab bodder, &c.

S C E N E the last.

All the Characters, and several other Animals.

Ul. I was a beast myself when I believed these sensual creatures would consent to put on the form of any thing human. I'll try no more, and see the bark that shall bear me from this detested island. Circe, farewell for ever. Penelope, I'm thine.

F I N A L E.

Animals. *Great Signor, Ulysses, we wish you good day.*

Ul. *Aboard there; prepare, for no longer I'll stay.*

An. *May prosperous gales with their winds
still envelope ye,
And waft you home safely to Madam
Penelope.*

*Bark dogs! and bleat sheep! mew cats!
asses bray!*

Ul.

Ul. *The devil may fetch you.*

An. *Come, prick up your ears,
And give the redoubtable hero three cheers.*

Ul. *I'll sail from this shore,
To behold it no more :
Away! away! away!*

[During the symphony the bark sails off with Ulysses, after which the different animals address themselves to the audience.]

VAUDVILLE.

Wolf. *I am a wolf, gents. and might be a man,
But in this state, as t'other, 'tis catch as
catch can;*

*Nay, mine's best, for my wants alone
preying I scamper,
While you new desires with your luxury
pamper.*

*If the moral of this you should find to be
seasonable,
I hope you will own me an animal rea-
sonable.*

Hen. *You fops, with your tinsel and fashion's
fine tackling,
Pray listen for once to a foolish hen's
cackling.*

Look

*Look at Chanticleer's air, his deportment
majestic*

*And learn thence a pride for the pleasures
domestic.*

If the moral, &c.

Bull. *And for you, my dear souls in the front,
make a blunder,*

*Like me, and for once clap the piece here
like thunder.*

*Miss your way, and come here 'till the
house is quite full,*

*Fait and troth we shall think it a devilish
good bull.*

If the moral, &c.

THE END

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